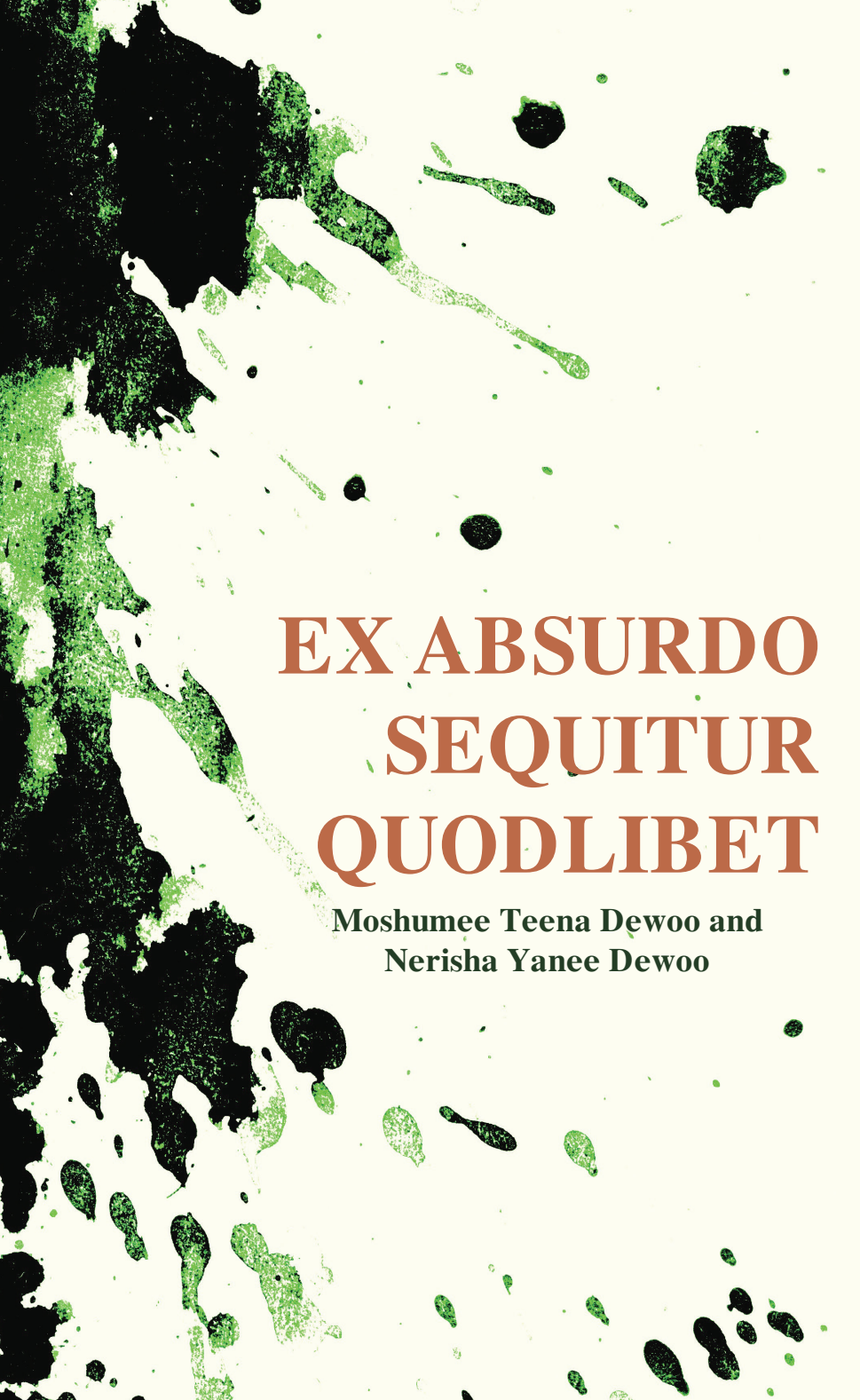




EX ABSURDO SEQUITUR QUODLIBET

Moshumee Teena Dewoo and
Nerisha Yanee Dewoo

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

*Ex Absurdo Sequitur
Quodlibet*

Moshumee Teena Dewoo
&
Nerisha Yanee Dewoo



Langaa Research & Publishing CIG
Mankon, Bamenda

Publisher

Langaa RPCIG

Langaa Research & Publishing Common Initiative Group

P.O. Box 902 Mankon

Bamenda

North West Region

Cameroon

Langaagrp@gmail.com

www.langaa-rpcig.net

Distributed in and outside N. America by African Books Collective

orders@africanbookscollective.com

www.africanbookscollective.com

ISBN: 9956-792-35-7

© Moshumee Teena Dewoo & Nerisha Yance Dewoo 2015

DISCLAIMER

All views expressed in this publication are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of Langaa RPCIG.

*And then one day
A bird sang blue*

We were home

1. The poet of the sea

In waves of sadness
Are the melodies of time
The sensible intentions
The hyperboloid whispers
And the spineless pleonasm
That embrace the poet sane

In waves of sadness
Is an anchor, another god
Heavy, rusty
Drowned and concealed
That hungers for the poet opened
Conscious of his life a sacrifice

2. The darkest painting

I remember everything
I remember how you gave me what was left of you
Of me
In that room dishonest...
The cold, fiery breeze, faithful
Brushing your soft face
As the obsessive lover would,
Seeking the most vulnerable parts of you

I remember the melancholy of your body
The wisdom of your breath
And the stillness of your screams
You were the darkest painting
That I wished I had constructed
Layer after layer
The beauty of your soul exposed on my canvas
On days of painless torture

I remember how you counted the raindrops
Alone, languorously
Your reflection, undemanding, was indistinct in the misty
window

You listened to my heart beat that day

I remember that you were afraid that it would stop

Untouched, untamed

Fated

3. Gnosis challenged

You once said to me
That you believed love to be the religion of the spirit
The experience of infinity, inevitable,
Against the tyranny of selfishness
And antagonistic commitments

I fell in love with your voice that day
Again

4. When fear breaks through the rational self

I prayed today
For the first time
I prayed unsure of whom to implore,
What to ask,
How to
I prayed to a celestial creator
A benevolent listener
A myth
An apocryphal tale writ in countless tongues
I prayed interrogative of my need to do so
I held my head up high
To the obscenely grey sky
Hesitant
Suspicious of my lucidity
But I prayed
Slave to man
The language of evil beneath my feet
Ready to obey
In apotheosis

5. Mind and Matter

Braid a rope

From my vein

It will give me hope

I will not complain

6. A common state of mind

I am not missing

I am dead

A cemetery head

7. The space in between

Rare are the moments when the sound of the passing train
Does not take me away from my crowded mind

Rare are the moments when the train passes...

Damn

Damn

Damn the crowd

The noise

The fucking noise

Stop

Make it stop

Stop

The fucking noise in my head

In the world

The world

It does not hear the noise

It does not hear

What is in my head

Make it stop

Where is the train?

Where is this fucking train!!?

What a wreck!!

Train

Wrecked

On my neck

8. Propaganda against the unconscious

When I ran away

I left your voice behind

To find my own

9. I am not numb to you

Your silence pierces my soul

As your noise, my body

10. Revolution from within

Cry

The flow of your unwept tears

And the scars etched in your flesh and spirit

The pieces of your self

Pure

Scattered

Next to the fractures of your faultless wreckages

Scream, I beg you to

Leave

Surrender

Come back

Run to me

Run from me

No

Stop

I am terrified

So are you

Cry

Let me cry

Let me cry the flow of my unwept tears, my scars

Pieces of my person, scattered too

Next to the fractures of my wreckages

It is your turn again
To cry
Show me when you do
Cry so that I never forget about you
Cry
Play yourself on repeat
I need you to
I do not need you to
I do

11. A bond beyond blood

I have slept under foreign stars
For ten thousand nights already

They are all that I have left
You had to be the last to know

12. The silent observer

Beyond your spirit wind-torn
And your body wreathed
In piano strings
Is a light, Voyager
A light maiden blue
Blue jay
Finding it harder
And harder
To pen
The river sore
The tale drowned
And another
Dreams in a suitcase
The crown of lambs
Lions that crawl back to the circus
Twisted knives in outer space
The mother's hand that feels out of place
The child hiding under the table
The pale flesh of strangers
Fragile fires that last as long as a summer
Open doors to those whom we love
Birds that do not fly

Harmless ghosts that we meet on delicate stairs
Too many impalpable impressions
Exhausted pictures
Guarded guests at the table
Memories never returned
The hum of things never started
The broken recorder that was stolen
Perverted triumphs
And cracked sidewalks
That should not have spoken

13. Dead ends

The rhythmic inferno
Of a heart unattached to its body
Is the echo
Of all things unexplainable
And yet
Too easily achievable

14. Eternity

To the familiar eye

The soul divine

Devotion absolute

Is not unconscribable demand

Only

Devotion has a deadline

15. Bemused muse

Your skin

Emerald

Three eyes

Intoxicated

A God in your bed

You hunt

Furious Matangi

Your word, blunt

16. Textures

My cigarette burns
On the last traces of your self
That I absurdly kept
In between a summer
And a cold coffee
I take one last breath
One last glance
And the world stops
Agony
I lose control
My blood turns to ink
A short story turns into a chapter
A lullaby into raindrops
That fill the space
Between now and never
Between what is
And what could have been
I remember to blink
I love my lipstick
A stain
Transparent
That decorates my grief

Unkiss me

My cigarette burns

17. What I am and not

I could be as much of a fluke

As a divine entity

Whichever the case may be

I have not a clue

About how to make of me

A good story

18. The poison of life

More tragic

Than recognising

That I will one day

Lose the ones that I love

Is the realisation

That I do love

19. Powerlessness

Outside of me

Is everything

That I will never be able to set free

Inside

Is everything

That I cannot be

20. Marks on the soul

Would it truly be easier to let the experience, sad, drift from the rest of one's life story, until the memory thereof wanders, restlessly, mythical in the foggy thread of old illusions?

I wish for none to ever know

21. Fucking prey

The fleeting prey

Is eager

To flick

Fuck and

Play

Behind the smoke screens

Of where you stray

22. Of all things that bother me

The garret of your self will always be maddeningly
unknowable to me

23. I burn

I crave for your touch

Like the candle that never prays

Constant

Wretched

24. Reflect

How would I feel if I peered into a room that should have been empty and saw someone staring back at me?

25. Silence

Nods tell of half-anecdotes

And structured regrets

Buried deep

In dislocated reality

26. Grasp

The very thought of being surrounded by others
Is the smallest measurable unit of human connection
That can mitigate the symptoms of loneliness
Bringing relief to the aching chest
For a while, at least

27. Shadow

From her smile

You should have known

Her murmur sweet

28. Side kick

A man without wealth
Makes a mediocre felon
Who must climb walls
Bare his hands, weapon

29. A request

Please

Break me down

I insist

30. Blueprints

I woke up
Obstinate
Inspired by a dream
To build somebody else
A person new
A person piercing
Unbent
Free
Freedom
Free
Demon
But I cannot move yet
A ladybug flew to my palm
She does not stir
She never did
Unwise
Bewildering
Poor little thing
She never stopped singing
Something about spells

31. Static

I overslept

Going beyond classical logic

I do not want to turn around

32. Backstage

Was it ever worthwhile
For mighty men
To make kings of beasts?

33. Ghost

Your walls, Sugar
Like the beat of drums
Assumed sad jungle ballads
In the Congo
Mean nothing to me
They bore me
They are empty pages
Strings without marionettes
Just too many a rock
Stupid block
Knock, knock
Hello, Sugar
I am a passive aggressive crusader
I can help you
Knock
Knock your walls down
Into a private rave
Do not be afraid
The pill will help
I will shield you too
When it no longer can
I have my whole life ahead

No
More than that
Many more lives
Back where I come from, Sugar
I keep being born
Again
And again
And again
And again

34. Life senseless

Who broke the moon?

35. Otherness

For the most of us

What is originally planned as a short sojourn

Is, in the course of a few mistakes only,

Transformed into permanent disconnection

From that which we truly desire

36. The gap

I can tell you everything

But the colour of my soul

37. La Presque-Fin

I long for the day

When the mountains fade away

When the stars shine so close

And the rhyme, from my body

Finally goes

38. Mute

The music was loud. I wanted it to be
A woman waited to fall. Friends fought over her
A paper doll burned
I was trapped
Around, a thousand stones
As complex as my own
I sought comfort
You asked if I trusted you
I had no answer
You pulled me to you. I forgot about my feet sore
You worshipped the ruins. You kept the thought off my
mind
I wished to feel your heart
I was too close. I was breaking the rules
We danced into ceremonious suicide
Out of rhythm
To our favourite song
We shared a beer
The bottle was green
As your eyes were
In the morning
Blackened that night

On bad boy dust, bright

39. Untitled

Skinny, skinny man
Man like no other
Whom, on a path barren
I met, briefly
You, yes, you
Skinny, lifeless man
I write about you
I must
I must tell the world
About the day that we met
You smiled at me
Do you remember?
It was a smile sincere
The kind that I had never seen before
Did I deserve it?
I smiled back
I wondered if I had touched you too
As you had me, with your skinny, gentle hand
On that path barren
I still wonder
Skinny, faceless man,
If you knew,

If you know
That since then, since you
I have grieved myself
To death

40. Drowsy eyes

The sun shines
Bright
Too bright
I ask for my sunglasses
I bite on a piece of old chocolate
Devotion screams next door
Will it ever stop?
Here, only unconditional love
A fine way
Our way
To trip
To truth
On wires unattached
What a fine way
To wear our masks
And sleep tight
Hands tied
Backed up
Under blankets of coal
Our doubts behind
What a fine way
Our way

To no longer belong

To no longer

Be

41. Bliss

If this is all you have

Then it is all I need

Now shoot me to the ground

42. Power

All monsters cry
About how the bone breaks
How blood flows
How to make it stop
How to break a bone
How to make blood flow
At one
Two
Three
Four
Five
O'clock
In the morning
Before
And after
Being reminded that without the threat of pain
There would be no reason for us to live at all

43. Mr Never

I was finally promised

A little something to believe in

44. Uniforms

What would be of us

If we were not allowed

To parade the earth

Choked to the bone?

45. The sound of reality

I would break you

If I could glue you back together

Yes

It scares me

Yes

It should scare you too

46. Fact

When your breath finally slows

So will my heart

This is not a promise

I must make it clear

47. Syndrome

The machine King
Master of the controlled paradigm
Is, of the Queen of Stockholm,
Prisoner saccharine

The only one

48. Inexperience

If she has not yet acknowledged the Sun

It is because of how petrified

She would be without

The thought, across, she has not yet come

49. Distinct

It is not about honouring those whom you love

It is about honouring the love that you have for them

Outside the consensus trance

50. In suspension

For a moment

Neither life nor death scares me...

Just for a moment

51. Lifelessness

Life is a tale built upon the vestiges of selfhood;

Yours

Mine

And everybody else's

52. Because I am the little lion man

Because she asked me to
I will raise her
To be worshipped
At the temple
Where lay the consequences
Of my schizophrenia

53. Shift

When I finally learned to walk

It was to the other side of the moon

It was then that I understood my nature asleep

54. Goodbye Royal

And then one day,

The world stopped spinning around you

55. The invisible

We have agreed

To a power show

A revelation

In motion slow that condemns

The lethal eye

Of the open mind

56. Where is the universe?

The raptured rational is perhaps the most believable reality.

Any other alleged form thereof is sheer cult - ego-utopic, ego-dystonic cult,

The hubris phase of a religious mania of inspiration,

A validated addiction to a one-dimensional, linear experience
of the past, present and future

Symptomatic of a state of unfamiliarity with the true nature
of being

57. Freedom

If I could

I would get rid of all the clocks

And dance to the melody of my core

Beyond my ego

But we do, we do

We do

Not need to

Talk about this now

58. In the next life

As opposed to say that it cannot happen

Suppose that we say that it is possible

For continuity to occur without a starting point...

59. Before the beginning

You must understand
That before coming here
You had never felt fear

This is not your truth

60. The butterflies of love

When you finally meet your soul mate,
The true reflection of your self, your eternal counterpart
There are no butterflies fluttering in your stomach
For it is not your body that feels then, not anymore, but your
essence

It is your silence that remembers
That part of you that is not physical, that which you perhaps
never knew existed

That part of you in which cocoon magic, pure elation and
absurd psychic connections

That part of you from which you salvage a sense of
familiarity, a sort of precognitive foreshadowing infused with
confusion

It is that part of you that screams that you have met before
That you know this person

From another place, another time, another life...a thousand
wars

It is that part of you that mourns

Because you were not their first

Because you begin to doubt that you had ever loved anyone
prior

Because you will now love beyond reason

Because the symphony of your heart has changed
Because that person will be your last
Like the ash of your final fire
Naturally

61. I will not let go

August, Puppeteer

You are the most beautiful scar on my body

I am entertained

62. Through the eyes of the blind

In your eyes, kind constant
I saw the infinite ways in which the soul could break
A caged mind at peace, plundering madness
That lies between the shadow and the self
In your flesh, kind constant
I found epics and limericks that burned my core...
The echo of life
A gentle shiver of freedom and abandon
And I ached to write you
The many intricacies of you
Your insubstantial grace
The quiet that you never unearthed
A universe of collapsed museums
And cursed crosses and sanctuaries
That dance on your dawn
Your restless darkness and eternal storms
The uncorrupted lines of your form
The bareness of your imprisonment
You
Only you
All of you
You, humbly

I ached to write nothing

But you

In Fibonacci

63. The spirit molecule

Close your eyes

Listen to silence absolute

Forget what you know

Go as far as you can go

Explode

64. The wheel

If I could prove to you that consciousness was not an accidental by-product of brain activity, would you still want to play with me?

65. The things that you forgot

It is not punishment

It is not reward anyhow

66. I was born like this

I am

A dance

A method

Naked

A word

That seeks caress and chemicals

In a prudently planned war

In which people no longer speak

Where death is inexpensive

I am

A dance

A rule

Naked

A touch

That of a virtuous scarlet

In a playfully concealed madhouse

One in which all are welcome

One in which life, untimely, is always fitting

I am

A dance

Not a happy dance
A screaming ecchymosis
Naked
A world
Pulled over my eyes
To keep me from the truth
Of my non-existence

67. When I go back home

If I should die tonight

May it be in your arms, old friend

You make me feel alive

68. Everything, nothing

I am fragment and whole

Perfect my story

69. Finality

I was with you all along

"Ex absurdo sequitur quodlibet is a fantastic trip from beginning to end. Grippingly powerful, you'll be taken on emotional highs and lows, their (her) words guiding you softly through. Don't be surprised if you find yourself coming back for more, again and again."

**- GIULIO DE CANDIA, POET,
AAA SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING, SOUTH AFRICA**

Usually shunned, condemned or narcotised as quickly as acknowledged, the absurd remains nevertheless a large part of reality. Loyal to their poetic pen, Teena and Yanee Dewoo choose to embrace and transcribe a fragment thereof in this book, in the manner in which it coloured their own thoughts or materialised around them in the past year in Mauritius – as zealous objection to human existence as defined by Science or Religion, and consequently, as a sort of de-stigmatisation of psychosis.

MOSHUMEE TEENA DEWOO is a PhD candidate of the University of Cape Town, focusing in her dissertation, on the theme of autochthon political power in the African post-Independence era.

NERISHA YANEE DEWOO, her younger sister, is currently pursuing a Master's Degree in French at the University of Stellenbosch, exploring through contemporary French literature, the fact of the end of love.



**Langa Research & Publishing
Common Initiative Group
P.O. Box 902 Mankon
Bamenda
North West Region
Cameroon**

ISBN 978-9956-792-35-1



9 789956 792351